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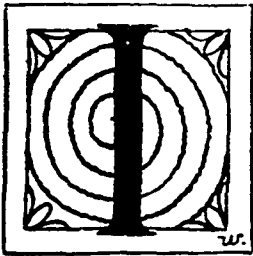
The Master.

FRANCIS C. SCHWAB, '02.

TELL me, my heart, why thou dost sorely grieve
When sweetest fancies flit across my mind?
When mem'ries fond come up, why dost thou find
A sting to cherish all thine own? Receive
In calm thou never wilt my joys. They leave
For willing thee a bitterness behind.
Thy envious ways can not be well divined;
Too closely dost thou watch—joys to bereave.
Be still, O heart, I love thy jealous sway:
I would not freer be. A master thou
Who shuns perhaps to lessen his control
For fear his pupil break all bonds away,
And think of pleasure—where to get and how—
Then o'er the downward steep of ruin roll.

The True Education.*

THE RT. REV. JOHN LANCASTER SPALDING, D. D.



CONSIDER it a privilege and an honor to address the students of Notre Dame. The people I like best to talk to are teachers and students. It may be that from long dwelling on the subject of education, I am inclined to exaggerate the meaning of the work, yet I hardly think that this is possible.

Yesterday morning I saw at Lockport, Illinois, the controlling works of the great waterway Chicago built on the lakes southward into the Illinois and Mississippi Rivers, and finally into the Gulf of Mexico. There I saw that body of water, some three hundred feet wide and possibly thirty feet deep, flowing swiftly, and it seemed to me to pour over the

dam almost with the force of Niagara—an immense volume of water flowing rapidly and dashing itself over the structure, with sufficient power to run all the street railways of Chicago, to light the whole city and to do other work beyond computation. And yet a little child by pressing a button stopped that whole volume of water, lifted the bridge to shut it off. This is the power of machinery. So by mechanical devices we now talk to one another from Chicago to New York, from South Bend to almost any part of the world. If there has been a battle fought in China or in South Africa to-day, we shall know of it to-morrow morning. Next year the Siberian railway will be completed, and we shall make a tour of the world in thirty-five or forty days. This is what machinery can do for us. I need not enlarge upon the miraculous accomplishments of the mechanical devices which man has invented and of which he makes use.

But, my dear young gentlemen, there is no machine invented, nor shall there ever be a machine invented, whereby the human child may be developed into a Godlike man or woman. This is what we mean when we say that education is not mechanical; that it is a vital process; that it is a growth. And there is but one means whereby vital processes are carried on, whereby growth is promoted. That is, I may say, the process of nutrition, of self-activity, working upon the elements that are akin to the vital powers to be developed. This is the radical philosophy concerning education, that by no mechanism can it be properly carried on, that it is a vital process, that it is a growth, a development and an evolution. Now growth in its final results is found to be dependent upon the principle from which it starts. The kind of grain you plant is the kind of grain you will reap. I know that all our cereals, all our fruits, all our flowers were once wild grasses and weeds, and were brought to perfection through culture carried on from

* A lecture given at Notre Dame, November 17, opening the winter course.

generation to generation beyond the reach of history. From the crab has been developed every species of apple; from the wild grape, every variety of that delicious fruit, and from the wild animals all our domestic animals have been, through culture and breeding, brought to their present excellence. But taking the real life as born of life, like begets like. If you wish to train race horses you have no hope of succeeding unless you take an animal of the right blood, of the right breeding, of the right race. So it is with education. If we are to work with great confidence, if the teacher is to cherish strong hopes of success, he must have the right kind of subjects; in fact, I may say that as there are noble and common breeds among animals, so are there among men. The noblest breed of man is that which is most educated, that which corresponds most perfectly to every appeal made to cause it to grow, to come forth, to bring into action all the faculties of enjoyment.

The inferior races are those that have never been capable of education, never been brought into contact from generation to generation with the influences which create the predispositions which are the requisites for education. Take the negro child. Up to a certain period the negro child is as bright as the white. Up to fourteen years of age he will keep pace with the white child, and then he begins to fall back. He will not continue to grow mentally and morally. The race that can take the highest education is the race that continues the longest self acting. We belong to a race that is most susceptible to education. In fact, we all belong to one race which is called the Aryan race. Whatever part of Europe our ancestors came from, or we ourselves have come from, we are of one race. We are of one race with the Greeks, Romans, Slavs, Germans, French, Spanish, Italians, English, Irish; we are all one family. Their languages are all derived from one common group of words, from one common root of three or four hundred words in the primitive tongue. And it is precisely this race that has contributed most to the different sciences, to art, government, liberty. It is this race to which we belong that has created all those high gifts in our possession.

The Semitic race has had a higher genius for religion. The people of Israel grasped with a more steadfast firmness the concept of God; through Israel Christ was born, and through

Him we have received our religion, painting, music, science, eloquence, history; our government, mechanical devices—all these things have been created by the race to which we belong. Indeed, we have taken up the religion which we have received from our Divine Lord through Israel, and given to it a force and an energy and a power which it seemed never to have had until it was taken up by this race to which we belong. Therefore, we are, so far as there is question of race, the aristocratic race, the great race, the dominant race. Now when you take children of this race and put them into an institution like this, you may entertain great hope and confidence that you will not labor in vain. And yet I believe that the raisers of horses say that out of many only one colt will win the prize.

Now that is the way with these children. Nine out of ten, what is the matter with them? God knows. But they won't win the race; they won't reap the benefits of right culture. We may, however, hope, since they belong to that race which is most educable and which has developed innumerable men of genius, and has endowed the whole of human kind with the richest possessions. It is the nation that believes most in education, that labors most assiduously to educate itself. And certainly here in the United States we have great confidence in the power of education. Therefore, belonging to this race, and belonging to a nation which is enthusiastic on the subject of education, we may hope that we have inherited the qualities of our great race.

You notice among animals that certain influences have been so strong they amount to a kind of intelligence—reason almost. These instincts are the outcome of thousands of years, of numberless generations working in this direction to save themselves either by courage from brute force, or by swiftness of limb, or by keenness of vision, or of scent,—these instincts have become a second nature in these animals. So with us born from many generations of a people who have been morally and mentally active; a people living in an environment that stimulates and educates a desire for knowledge. A desire for perfection has become a sort of instinct among us, and those will in the end show the greatest ability in whom this craving for knowledge, this desire for excellence are the strongest. Those who feel this and feel the need of exercising the mind, of training the conscience, of enriching the imagination, of forming the character,

feel the need of education as one feels the sense of hunger or thirst. They are the young people that are going to push forward; that are going to become the leaders; that are going to become the centres of influence. Of course, besides this general inherent disposition which makes us fit subjects of education, we are educated in many other ways than through the means of the school proper, college or university.

The great primary force of education is in the home. No school has ever received a fit subject for education if it did not receive that subject from the right kind of a home. Those principles which form character, which become conviction, which really are the framework of our moral nature,—these are implanted in our earliest years. They have been drunk in from the lips of our mothers; they have become a second nature to us in the customs and habits of home. We unconsciously imbibe them by noticing the relative value of what is eternal and what is passing. These things, then, are essential, as much as inherent dispositions, which come of the history of the race. These individual characteristics, which are formed by the home life in childhood's early years, fit us for education. Take the American Indian, educate and inform him, and when he goes back to the tribe he takes up his savage ways again. So if our young men do not come from the right kind of home, whatever the school may have done, however zealous and learned the professors may have been, there will be a reversion, there will be a natural craving for low companionship, an exaggerated esteem of things that are relatively valueless, a sinking to a lower level. In innumerable instances this is the case. This reversion takes place always if there is not in the young man who leaves his college or university a sort of inner impulse that urges him on.

Now next to the home we may say the State is the great university. The greatest university is that state which offers the best opportunities for the unfolding of our being, which throws open to us all the avenues, and invites us to walk in that way in which our tastes, our talent, our genius lead us. This is the work of free institutions; this is the work of freedom, that it enables us to choose in the direction of our talent, of our vocation. The greatest good fortune that can happen to us is to find the work we were born to do, to take up the tasks for which we have been

endowed by God with ability. To put a man to the work for which he was never born, is to condemn him to nullity, to failure, to unhappiness. Happiness comes always to those who have found the right work, who take it up with glad hearts and pursue it to the end. It is not the fault of freedom, it is our own fault, if we do not find our right work. In a free country every career is open to talent. Ability tells like a natural force. We who fail in America fail through our own fault. We who choose the wrong work, who take up the wrong profession, a vocation that is not ours, it is our own fault. The multitude of us are turned away from the vocation for which we were born by unworthy motives. In fact, whatever misfortune happens to us, happens through our own fault.

This is one of the divine things in life, that no absolute evil can befall us except through our own folly. And why young people take a false view of their vocation is because their view is warped by belief in immediate success, in vulgar success. They imagine that the best thing that can happen to them would be to have a great deal of money; and then, "How can I make money?"—that is the perverted thought. Never think of that. Above all a young man need not hobble through life on golden crutches. Leave that to the old men who have given up their whole lives to gather money. Lift yourselves on the wings of the spirit while you are young. If you make of yourselves what you are capable of becoming, you will have money; you will get money. Think of what you may become. That is the idea. This is why it is good to live in a free country, to be born in a Christian home. This principle should be implanted in us which will encourage us to follow our better nature, our higher aspirations, our better insight, and not to lower all our thought to the level of vulgar success, the success of notoriety, or wealth. Be persuaded, my dear young gentlemen, that there is now in this modern American world but one aristocracy, and that is not the aristocracy of birth, of money. It is the aristocracy of culture—intellectual and moral culture—that makes the gentleman, the leader, the man whose influence over the life of his fellowmen secures benediction, whose memory will remain fragrant from generation to generation. Of course, we owe our family life, our free institutions and advantages, to our religion, to the Church.

The Church, then, is the great university. In

fact, it is the Christian Church that first invited all the people, the men and the women, the rich and the poor, the beggar and the cripple, to come and to hear her divine utterances, to hear the highest thoughts that man can express. It never had been done before—never. Socrates talked to a few chosen followers on the streets of Athens, just a few privileged young men gathered around him. Plato talked to a few chosen spirits. Aristotle did the same; and so all philosophers have taught only a select circle. There was no great organization to teach the whole people in the Jewish religion; there was no preaching of the word of God. But after Christ had come and had bade his apostles to "go and teach all nations," then audiences were gathered forever and forever—by the riverside, in the desert, in the primitive forests, on the plains and everywhere, men and woman gathered to hear this new teaching, entered this great university of God; and it is from that teaching that our ideas of equality, of liberty, of rights, of the sacredness of the soul, of the duty of upbuilding every human being into a likeness of Christ, spring. It is that religion that made marriage sacramental, that made it binding until death. Consequently, both the home and the free state have created the belief that the whole people, without distinction of sex or condition in life, should become the subjects of education, and led us to understand that it is the business of a free people to build schools everywhere—to make education universal.

When these great institutions have educated, then properly comes the work of the school itself. They are to prepare the subjects for the school, and we expect those who come into our colleges and universities to come with all those dispositions that are to be found in the children of the noblest race, the children of the freest state, the children of the religion which Christ Himself came into the world to proclaim,—not cutting itself free from all these institutions, but working in harmony with them to upbuild the perfect man and the perfect woman. The best thing any school can do is to inspire its students with great faith in the worth of education; the next is to inspire each one with confidence that he can and shall succeed in educating himself. Then to point out and lead him in the way whereby he may educate himself. These are the three great things. If we believe absolutely in the worth of a thing we are very apt to attain it.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

Varsity Verse

OF THE QUILL.

ONE day a grave teacher of English gave back
A theme to a student aspiring to fame;
Not a word was misplaced, nor did the theme lack,
A comma, a colon, or capitalized name.

But a note at the bottom the teacher had penned,
Which to read or decipher the student could ne'er;
'Twas English, that's true, but in script so insane
That the student determined to have it made clear.

He went to the teacher in lowliest mien,
And asked that the note be explained to him there,
And here is the note that his trouble had been:
"Your horrible writing would make a man swear!"

J. L. C.

A RONDEAU.

A withered flower, carnation white,
The pledge of love in calm moonlight
'Neath cloudless sky; no harsher sound
Than gentle zephyrs whispering round—
Our joy was full, all earth seemed bright.

Must I believe thee, flower, that night
Is past and gone? Mine not the right
That heart and pulse with love should bound?
Poor withered flower!

Though now she walks in heavenly light
Mid lilled fields in God's own sight,
Within my heart she still lies crowned
As she did when that eve I found
In thy fragrant petals deep delight—
Poor withered flower!

F. M.

TO A PHOTOGRAPH.

The maid whose photograph I see,
I love, but leave my love untold,—
For ne'er a smile she gives to me.
The maid whose photograph I see,
Another man loves tenderly;
She's brother's darling six-months-old,
So the maid whose photograph I see,
I love, but leave my love untold.

C. J. L.

THE HOME COMING.

Astair, since you sailed away
Out on the ocean blue,
Throughout the livelong day
My thoughts have been of you.

And when the night-clouds rolled
Cheerless and sad and black,
My beads I've often told
The Virgin to bring you back.

At morn as daylight broke,
A ray through the window came,
And our sleeping babe awoke
To smile when I called your name.

Blest be the kindly power
That quiets the angry sea,
And brings in this anxious hour
The sailor to child and me. P. MacD.

Commodore John Barry.

JOHN M. BYRNE, 1900.

Conspicuous among the Irish naval heroes that fought for America's freedom, is the name of Commodore John Barry, who is now called the Father of the American Navy. Born in the County of Wexford, Ireland, in 1745, he went to sea at the age of fourteen years, and seven years afterward he came to Philadelphia in command of the *Black Prince*, one of the best trading vessels between that city and London. He chose Pennsylvania as the place of his adopted home, and when the Revolutionary war broke out in 1775 he was made Captain of the *Lexington*, a cruiser of fourteen guns, and one of the first two fitted out by the Continental Congress to capture vessels bringing supplies to the British army at Boston.

As soon as Congress had issued letters of marque and reprisal, Captain Barry set out on a cruise, March 23, 1776, but the *Roebuck*, an English vessel, was keeping a close watch on the Delaware. Barry had to use great caution to keep out of her way, and herein, says Griffin, his biographer, he showed that he could become victor by flight as well as by fight. Escaping the *Roebuck*, the *Lexington* got to sea, and going southward on April 17, off the capes of Virginia, fell in with the *Edward*, a sloop belonging to the man-of-war *Liverpool*, captured her after an engagement of two hours, and brought her a prize to Philadelphia.

Upon her were found eight carriage guns, a number of swivels, and a crew of twenty-five men, among whom was Richard Dale, the lieutenant of a light cruiser belonging to Virginia, and which was previously captured by the *Edward*. This was a great honor for Barry to make the first capture of an armed vessel under the Continental flag, and to be the first that bore it to victory on the ocean. With his little brig of fourteen four-pound guns, and a crew of seventy men he cleared the coast of the small hostile cruisers that infested it; and in doing this was not frightened by the presence of a forty-two gun-ship belonging to the enemy.

He now began to ascend the ladder of fame, and was made the seventh in rank upon a list of twenty five naval officers. In October, 1776, he was transferred to the *Effingham*, a frigate of twenty-eight guns, which had just been built at Philadelphia. When the British

took possession of that city, Barry sailed up the Delaware with his vessel to save her from the enemy, and rendered himself very useful in procuring supplies for the army at times of necessity.

There is no doubt that Captain Barry had great strategic ability, for on one occasion he performed a feat that would have done honor to any commander. Leaving his ship in a place of safety, he went down the Delaware during the night, undiscovered by the enemy, with twenty-seven men in four row boats, to the vicinity of Port Penn. There he captured, without losing a man, two transports laden, with provisions from Rhode Island, and one schooner mounting eight double fortified four-pounders, twelve four-pound howitzers, and manned with thirty-three men. One of the transports mounted six four-pounders and each had fourteen men.

This daring exploit might perhaps seem incredible were it not an historical fact recorded by reputable historians (See "Pennsylvania Magazine," Vol. IV., p. 488). Washington himself congratulated the naval hero, saying: "I have received your favour of the 9th inst., and congratulate you on the success which has crowned your gallantry . . . in the late attack upon the enemy's ships. . . . You will be pleased to accept my thanks for the good things which you were so polite as to send me, with my wishes that a suitable recompense may always attend your bravery." (Spark's "Writings of Washington," Vol. V., p. 271.)

Lord Howe, the commander-in-chief of the British forces in America, offered Captain Barry twenty thousand guineas and the command of a British frigate if he would desert the service of the United States. In reply Barry wrote to him, saying: "Not the value and command of the whole British fleet can seduce me from the cause of my country." (Griffin's "History of Commodore John Barry," p. 33.)

During the suspension of navigation the following winter, Captain Barry, seeing the sore need that Washington was in for soldiers, recruited a company of volunteers for service on land. In this he was imitated by Thomas Fitzsimmons, a merchant of Philadelphia, and both hastened with their contingents to the aid of Washington who was then in a sad plight upon the banks of the Delaware above Trenton.

The presence of the volunteers, who numbered about one thousand five hundred, had

a great moral effect in reviving the drooping spirits of the remnant of Washington's army which was greatly reduced by cold, famine and desertion. It was at a time when Washington had retreated before Cornwallis across the Jerseys, and when the American cause seemed almost lost. In that retreat Washington was forced to exclaim in a pitiful tone: "In ten days this army will have ceased to exist!... We are at the end of our tether." Cornwallis, confident that his game could not get away, said: "At last the old fox [Washington] is in a trap."

In that hour of distress and sorrow, Washington planned an attack upon the Hessian army which was deemed to be in great security in their camps at Trenton. Our soldiers crossed the ice-blocked river, surprised the Hessians and gained a complete victory over those foreign mercenaries whom England had hired to kill her own colonists. Captain Barry also took part in the battle which was won at Princeton on January 2, 1777, being aide-de-camp to General Cadwalader.

In September, 1778, Barry was placed in command of the *Raleigh*, a frigate of thirty-two guns. After putting to sea he met a strong British squadron which compelled him to run her ashore, but this he did not do until he had gained great credit for gallantry. In February, 1781, he carried on the *Alliance* Colonel John Laurens and his secretary, Major William Jackson, and the Comte de Noailles, to L'Orient, on an embassy to the French court. During the voyage he captured the English privateer *Alert* of twelve guns, and on landing placed her crew in prison. He returned in company with the *Marquis de Lafayette* of forty guns, which ship was bound for America with clothing and ammunition. On April 2, after a short battle, he captured two privateers, the *Mars* of thirty-four guns with a crew of one hundred and eleven men, and the *Minerva* of ten guns with fifty men. The following month he captured, after a severe engagement, the *Atlanta* and *Trepassey* of twenty and fourteen guns, respectively, in which encounter he was severely wounded.

With his usual success he subsequently cruised in the West Indies, and in March, 1782, left Havana to convoy to *Luzerne* which then carried home a large amount of specie for the bank of North America. This mission also was successful, although he was attacked by a British fleet on the way home.

In 1794 he was placed at the head of the

navy by George Washington, and directed to superintend the building of a fleet. When completed he sailed in its command to the West Indies to protect American commerce from the depredation of the French. Although the French people had been the allies of the Americans, and through the aid of the brave Lafayette, Washington had compelled Cornwallis to surrender at Yorktown, still when the interest of his country was at stake Barry went against them with the same courage and boldness that he had formerly shown against the English.

Always zealous for the welfare of his country, he was a terror to the foes of America. To-day the Irish in America are especially proud of him, and can not read his biography without experiencing a feeling of joy and a thrill of emotion. They are glad that they can point to him as one of the many Irish heroes that fought and bled for America's freedom.

Under Barry's discipline many naval officers who afterward became conspicuous for success and bravery were trained for their future career. Foremost among them was Stephen Decatur, who is famous for his victory at Tripoli over the Algerines in the administration of Thomas Jefferson.

To enumerate all the brave deeds of Commodore John Barry I do not attempt, for that would require much more space than is now at my disposal. We know that he always occupied the most honorable position, was sent on the most dangerous duties, and that he acquitted himself of them in a manner most creditable to himself and beneficial to the country.

While giving himself with unremitting diligence to the service of his country he did not neglect the welfare of his soul. Always living up to the principles of the Catholic faith, which had been taught him in youth, his life was so edifying that his wife, who was not a Catholic, was converted by his example.

He died at his home in Philadelphia, September 13, 1803, at the age of fifty-three, and was interred at Saint Mary's cemetery in that city. His fellow countrymen, in appreciation of his great services to their common country of adoption, placed a valuable monument over his remains. In 1876 the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America erected in his honor the fountain in Fairmount Park, at the foot of St. George's Hill. Upon its four sides are inscribed his principal exploits, while above in heroic size his statue stands.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

JOHN JOSEPH HENNESSY, 1902.

(CONCLUSION.)

From the time O'Reilly arrived in Australia till he sailed from it forever, he never gave up the hope of escape. He thought and planned and at last decided to make his escape at the first favorable moment, and hide in the bush in the hope that some vessel would pick him up before he should die of hunger and thirst. He told his tale to Father McCabe, the Catholic chaplain of that district, who, well knowing his poor chances of thus ever safely escaping, said: "It is an excellent way to commit suicide." However, he promised Boyle that he would think over a plan of escape for him, but in the meantime he must remain inactive in the matter. A few months elapsed and O'Reilly began to think that Father McCabe had forgotten him, or that the whole secret had been revealed by some one to the English authorities. Happily, however, neither was the case.

One day whilst O'Reilly was on duty, which was that of a messenger between two stations, he was met by a man of the district who had been entrusted with the task of assisting him to effect his escape. The plan may be briefly stated as follows: In February of the next year—it was now fall—American whalers would touch at Bunbury for a supply of fresh water. One of these was to pick up O'Reilly. In the meantime he was to rest contented while the priest endeavored by bribes and entreaty to get a trustworthy whaler to take him.

February came, and after untold hardships, which resulted from the fact that the whaler which had been engaged and paid broke its agreement, O'Reilly was picked up by Captain Clifford of the *Gazette*, of New Bedford. The following official notice soon afterward appeared in the Australian papers; it ran thus:

ABSCONDER.

"20—John Boyle O'Reilly, registered No. 9843, imperial convict; arrived in the colony per convict-ship *Hougoumont* in 1868, sentenced to twenty years, 9 July, 1866. Description: Healthy appearance; present age 25 years; 5 feet 7½ inches high; black hair, brown eyes oval visage; dark complexion: an Irishman. Absconded from convict road party, Bunbury, on the 18th of February, 1869."

He was now going to a country where no friend awaited him, where there was no home to receive him. He had no money, save a present from Captian Clifford, to sustain life. Whilst on sea he wrote to the Editor of the *Irishman*. In his letter he says:

"I am going where I am unknown and friendless. Please let me have an introduction through your paper to my countrymen in America." He landed in Philadelphia on the 23d of November, 1869. The rest is too well known to require repetition here. He worked manfully and rose high by the sheer force of his genius.

In the spring of 1870 he became a reporter for the *Boston Pilot*, and in 1876 he became with the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams of Boston joint owner of the *Pilot*. Through this paper he showed the public what a broad-minded man he was. He clearly proved that he was not one of those narrow, one-sided men that overflowed the country. He gave every man credit for his worth, no matter what his station in life or public sentiments may have been. He was ever the faithful practicer of the good he saw in others. How fittingly the lines he wrote of the *Liberator* apply to himself:

Races and sects were to him a profanity;
Hindoo and Negro and Celt were as one;
Large as mankind was his splendid humanity,
Large in its record the work he has done.

Though a staunch Roman Catholic, yet through the columns of the *Pilot* he vindicated the rights of his protestant countrymen. When his article of praise of the Protestants of Ireland appeared in print, Dr. Orestes A. Brownson became indignant at O'Reilly's position, and immediately wrote an article in his own *Review*, condemning and ridiculing what O'Reilly had said and saying more besides. This article of Doctor Brownson's could not pass without a reply from the *Pilot*, and it may not be out of place here to give, as short as possible, the controversy between these two great men. Doctor Brownson spoke thus:

"Our poetical friend of the *Boston Pilot* assured the public, not long since, that the truest and best Irishmen going are Protestants. Why then complain of Protestant ascendancy; and denounce the Irish Parliament of 1800 that sold the Irish nationality for British gold, every member of which was a Protestant? Grattan, Flood, Plunkett, Curran, and a few others, were, no doubt, able and eloquent, and

regarded Ireland as their country, but they were powerless against the mass of their Protestant countrymen; and we have never seen, and never expect to see, any good come to Catholic Ireland from following Protestant and infidel leaders. We have much more confidence in the Catholic bishops and clergy than in Protestant and infidel head centres.

"Protestant Irishmen are for us neither more nor less than the Protestants of any other nationality; and Catholic Ireland has suffered far more from Protestant Irishmen than from Englishmen. Our interest is in Catholic Ireland. We have little respect for those Irish patriots who think they can serve their country by leaving their religion in abeyance and acting under the lead of its enemies. If the *Boston Pilot* insists in glorying in 'our element,' let it visit our prisons, penitentiaries, almshouses, etc., above all, let it look into the reports of our police courts and mark the frequency with which 'our element' is brought up for drunkenness, and husbands of the same element for brutally beating and kicking their wives, not seldom even to death. It may also count the 'street Arabs,' belonging to the same 'element,' that swarm in our cities and live only by begging and stealing—chiefly by stealing. There it can find 'our element,' who has never been instructed in the first principles of religion and morality, and hardly know how to bless themselves."

To this O'Reilly promptly replied: "A good deal of this is true, we are sorry to say; no one ever denied it. A good deal of it is untrue; and the remainder is discreditable to Doctor Brownson. First, 'Our poetical friend of the *Pilot*' never said that 'the truest and best Irishmen going are Protestants;' but he did say, not once but often, and he says it again, that a great many of the best Irishmen—the men whose memories are respected by their countrymen the world over—were Protestants. Dr. Brownson knows enough about Ireland to pick out from the end of the last century the names of four Protestants who loved their country. Perhaps he thinks there are no more. We being Irish, and knowing something about the subject, take the liberty of presenting the Doctor with a list of twenty times four Protestant Irishmen from the same period of Ireland's history, whose names will be revered by millions of Catholics when Dr. Brownson and his *Review* are forgotten." Here O'Reilly gives a list of thirty-five Church of England Protestants and forty-five Presbyterians; then

he continues: "It may interest Dr. Brownson to know that eighteen of the above named Protestants loved Ireland so well that they were hanged for their affection."

It was to these men—when speaking to Irishmen who understood him—that "our poetical friend" alluded: "Shall Irishmen forget these men because they were Protestants? Dr. Brownson says he takes no interest in anything but Catholic politics and Catholic leaders. In the name of God he is preaching the devil's own doctrine—the old English law of dissension. Are the Catholic citizens of this country to repudiate the deeds of all Protestant Americans and scout the memory of Protestant Washington? Are Irish Catholics at Dr. Brownson's bidding to forget the name and fame of such a Protestant Irishman as Edmund Burke, who was addressed by Pope Pius VI. as 'a noble man' and a benefactor to the world?—Dr. Brownson, we suppose, would reject the services of Warren and Putnam at Bunker Hill because they were Protestants. He would depose Washington, Clay, Henry, and the others, from their high place in the national memory? He would reject Grant, Sherman and Thomas, because they were Protestants, and fling Sheridan after them because he was only a middling Catholic. When Doctor Brownson says that Ireland suffered more from Protestant Irishmen than England he is doting. Irishmen know better. They remember whole centuries of wrong:

Strongbow's force and Henry's wile,
Tudor's wrath and Stuart's guile,
Iron Stafford's tiger jaws,
And brutal Brunswick's penal laws;
Not forgetting Saxon faith,
Not forgetting Norman scath,
Not forgetting William's word,
Not forgetting Cromwell's sword.

"Such a spirit as that shown by Doctor Brownson in this article is scandalous and abominable.

"As to the Irish in prisons, and the Irish children in the penitentiaries, it comes with a bad grace from a converted Anglo-American Protestant to cast them in our teeth. They were prepared for prison and penitentiary by English laws that enforced generations of ignorance on Ireland. There is no blame attached to the Irish "street Arabs" for their poverty,—not an atom. Nobody but an exasperated and impotent old man would scoff at them. God help them, and God pity their forefathers who lived under the penal

laws, who could not help leaving after them a legacy of poverty and crime."

Besides editorial work, O'Reilly also took upon himself the task of orator and poet. As an orator he soared high. On many occasions of great importance, O'Reilly was called upon to be the orator of the day. On one occasion he was asked to go to Canada to make a speech. England was petitioned for permission. No! O'Reilly dare not on his life set foot on any soil over which the English flag floated. Perhaps we can get no better notion of his power as an orator than by reading what "Taverner," the great essayist of the Boston *Pilot*, said after hearing his welcome speech to Justin McCarthy.

"Boyle O'Reilly's speech of welcome to Justin McCarthy made me sorry that I had not come to my Americanism by the way of 'sweet Erin.' His heart is so warm, his words so well chosen and charming, his feelings so true, and all that he says or writes so instinct with human earnestness, that he always carries his audience with him. To very few is it given to be the poet or patriot above his fellows, and he is both. Few, if any, could have made the address O'Reilly made; no man not born with the heritage of Irish blood could have composed its peculiar poetry; no man not in the enjoyment of political freedom could have equalled its proud independence."

The poetic talent of O'Reilly was of no mean ability, and undoubtedly many of his poems will stand the rust of time. He wrote a poem on the death of Wendell Phillips within six hours, which is said to be one of the best of its kind ever written. When this masterpiece appeared in print many were the compliments which he received. Here is an extract from a letter by Mr. George W. Cable, the Southern novelist:

"I had the pleasure to see your superb poem on Wendell Phillips. I read it to Mark Twain. Once while I was reading it he made an actual outcry of admiration, and again and again interjected his commendations. I am proud to know the man who wrote it; he can quit now, his lasting fame is assured."

Perhaps one of the things that we ought to admire most in this man, who had so many admirable qualities, is the purity that pervaded every word he ever wrote or spoke. Especially must it be so when we remember that he spent from his nineteenth to his twenty-fifth year in the prison yard and convict gang. "Living in an age of so-called realism in literature, when the

poetry of passion had leaped its sewer banks and touched some very high ground, John Boyle O'Reilly's feet were never for an instant contaminated by the filthy flood. He never wrote a word which the most innocent might not read with safety. He never used a vile word; there was none such in his vocabulary." Besides all this, O'Reilly was a gentleman and a friend of the poor and helpless. It is said of him that one day as he was going down a public street, he came upon two road-cleaners who tipped their hats to him. He returned the courtesy by lifting his own hat and bowing gracefully. One of the laborers was asked by a bystander, "Who was that man?" and was thus answered: "There goes the first gentleman in America, John Boyle O'Reilly—God bless him!" He had a keen insight of man's heart and closely studied human nature. How true is not this aphorism of his:

I judged a man by his speaking,
His nature I could not tell;
I judged him by his silence,
And then I knew him well.

George Parsons Lathrop said "Boyle was the greatest man, the finest heart and soul I ever knew in Boston."

Notre Dame honored O'Reilly at the Thirty-seventh Annual Commencement Exercises of the University held in June, 1881, by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. However, the flower which had budded forth so magnificently was not allowed to bloom to maturity. It was cut off while yet in its fullness.

On Saturday, August 9, 1890, John Boyle O'Reilly, after giving some medicine to his wife, took a sleeping potion for himself; but he misjudged the quantity, and next morning a people on both sides of the Atlantic were mourning the loss of a truly great man. Numerous were the letters of condolence to his family, and in a mass meeting of the citizens of Boston, Hon. Patrick Collins said: "Numbered and marked and branded; officially called rebel, traitor, convict, felon, wherever the old flag floats; denied the sad privilege of kneeling on the grave of his mother—thus died the superb citizen of the great republic." Perhaps we can conclude in no more appropriate way than by words from his own pen:

Dead! but the death was fitting;
His life to the latest breath
Was poured like wax on the chart of right,
And is sealed by the seal of death.

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} Reporters.

—An article in the latest number of the *Literary Digest* refers to the fact that men's wages are higher than women's in the same lines of work. A number of men of weight in the economic world are quoted to show that this condition is due to a less productive efficiency on the part of women. However, for other reasons, of more or less force, the employment of women is increasing.

It seems to us, that, when the bounds of absolute necessity are passed, the entrance of women into industrial competition with men should be discountenanced.

If woman persists in entering man's field of labor she can hardly expect, and if she expects she can not get, that recognition at his hands which is now rightly hers. It is her acquiescence in man's material supremacy that gives woman her exalted place in our civilization. Her weakness is her strength.

It ought to be deemed a disgraceful thing that woman be compelled to compete with man in the struggle for existence. It is to be hoped that the level-headed among the sex will see to it that their sceptre is not discarded for this bauble—*independence*. In the emancipation of woman, man also might be emancipated and forget allegiance to his queen.

Bishop Spalding's Lecture.

The Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, beginning his lecture Saturday evening, said he considered it a privilege and an honor to address the students of Notre Dame. His audience surely reciprocates this feeling; for we do not know of anyone who is more welcome to the students and Faculty than this thoughtful man. He took as his subject a new phase of education. As may be noticed in another part of the *SCHOLASTIC*, he showed the parts that the home, the state, the Church and the university play in the making of a true man. The lecture was delivered with force and warmth, and much of its excellence is, of course, lost in merely being able to read it in cold type.

The following program preceded the lecture: An overture by the N. D. U. orchestra, which, by the way, reflects credit on all the players. Mr. Roche is to be complimented on the training of his youthful musicians. The orchestra is now composed entirely of students. An address of welcome was delivered by Anthony J. Brogan, '01. A quartette by Messrs. Dwyer, Buckler, Kasper and Donahoe was well received. The preliminary exercises closed with a violin solo by Louis J. Carey. This was well rendered, and the young player had to answer the loud calls for an encore. It is needless to say that we should like exceedingly to have Bishop Spalding with us again before the close of the scholastic year.

An Efficient Fire Department.

The University has just completed an extensive system of waterworks, so that in case of fire within five minutes after the alarm, 2000 gallons of water may every minute be thrown on the burning building. Three months have been required to complete this system, and no expense has been spared to make it the finest in the country. "You have," said Mr. Jardine, an acknowledged fire expert, "the best fire protection of any institution in America."

To better minimize the danger of fire, Father Morrissey and Father Zahm proposed establishing a Volunteer Fire Department at the University. The proposal was no sooner made than it was put into effect, and in less than twelve hours two companies were formed, and chief, captain and fire marshals appointed.

The call for volunteers was heartily responded to by all the students, but as all could not be used the following were selected:

No. 1—Mullen, Capt.; Donahoe, Lieutenant; Yockey, Secretary; Campbell, Treasurer; Lins Fortin, Diebold, O'Malley, Cooney, Cleary, Corcoran, Welker, Hay, O'Neil, McCaughren.

No. 2—Moran, Capt.; Buckler, Lieutenant; MacDonough, Secretary; Conlin, Treasurer; Hayes, Herbert, O'Reilly, Staples, Cullinan, Butler, Kirby, McGlew, Uffendell, Maderson, Glynn.

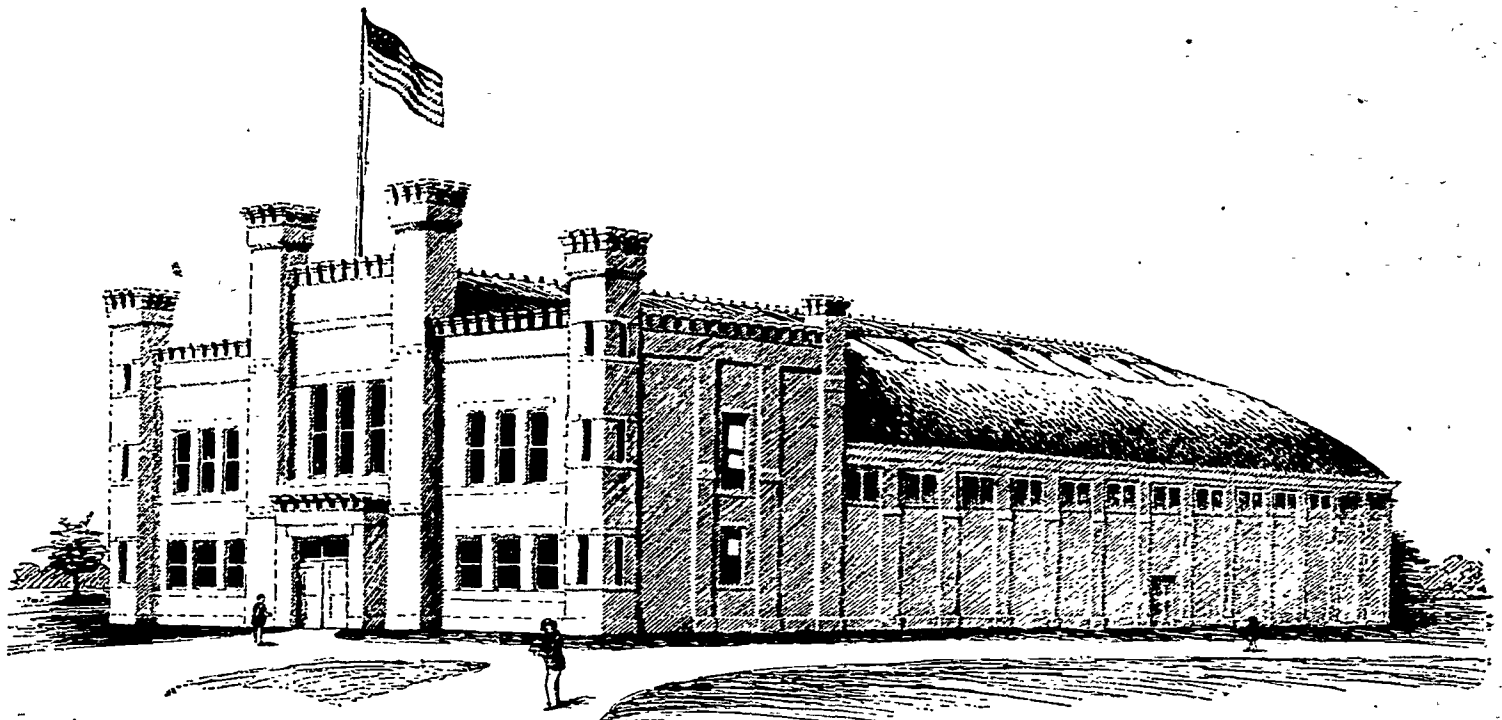
J. C. Kinney, Chief; E. P. Gallagher, Fire Marshall; J. P. Curry, Assistant; J. J. Sullivan.

No. 3—Marr, Captain; Irving, Lieutenant; Burke, Zerhusen, Schwab, Tierney, Szalewski, Gorski, Fredell, Farley, Walsh, Heiser, Egan, Blume, Pienta.

Equipments for each company have been

provided, and nothing is lacking to make them complete in every detail. Hose house No. 1 is located back of Sorin Hall so as to have immediate command over the church, Corby, Sorin, and St. Joseph Halls, also the barn and shops. Hose house No. 2 is back of the Main Building, and has immediate command over St. Edward's, Carroll and Brownson Halls and the adjoining buildings. Hose house No. 3 is located at Holy Cross gymnasium and will have control of Mt. St. Vincent, the Novitiate and Holy Cross Hall.

Once a week the companies will practise. To encourage perfection and a friendly rivalry between the companies, tournaments will be held in the spring, and the winners handsomely rewarded. Some of the members of the volunteer department are ex-firemen, and their experience will be of great value.



THE NEW GYMNASIUM.

The work of rebuilding the Notre Dame Athletic Hall is progressing rapidly. After a great deal of labor the interior has been cleared of all obstructions: the great iron girders have been chiseled into countless pieces and have been hauled away; the two interior transverse brick walls have been leveled to the ground; and, finally, the charred lumber in the dressing rooms has been entirely removed. In the work of reconstruction, brick and steel will be used in place of lumber. The partitions in the training quarters will be of brick and plaster; the ceilings throughout the building will be of steel. The interior will, therefore, present a changed appearance, due to the fact that hereafter the structure will be practically fire proof.

The exterior, too, is to be somewhat remodelled. The front will present a castellated appearance, as may be seen from the accompanying illustration which is a very accurate representation of what our new gymnasium is to be. Experience has shown the necessity for having more light in the track hall, so there is to be an increase in the number of large skylights. The front portion of the building, in which are the training quarters and physical culture department, is to have a flat roof. In this way better facilities will be afforded for the fitting of the gymnastic apparatus than formerly; these are to be placed, as usual, on the second floor. Altogether, a great many improvements are to be made as a result of two years' experience with the first structure.

An Excellent Concert.

The delicacy of color in a painting may appeal to one, or the subtle beauties of a poem give pleasure, but music, true music, under a master has the power of both. And when a concert is heard, such as was afforded last Tuesday in Washington Hall by Mr. Rosenbecher's symphony organization, there can be little question but that the better nature of those present was affected, and those benefits derived, such as only truly classical and romantic music can afford. The concert was characterized by many of the niceties of music. The opening number, an overture by Bezet, was especially well received, as were those numbers that followed: Waltz by Strauss, Scotch aria by Mendelsshon, and finally Letoff's overture, "Robespierre." The rendition of each of these selections was such as only a clear perception coupled with ability could give. The exactness of tonality, the evenness of the crescendos, the grace of the deminuendos, the full valuation of the retards and even tempo of the andante passages were particularities that lent a charm to the above selections, and made them felt as well as appreciable and intelligent.

The soloists each in turn deserve a special comment. Mr. A. W. Porter was the first to appear. His selected song was well received, and for an encore he sang "The Palms," in which he artistically displayed the pure quality, the immense volume, and general capabilities of his pleasing bass voice.

Miss Eleanor Meredith, the second soloist, sang as only one can who is in true sympathy with a piece. Her rich and sweet contralto voice abounded in all the expediences that go to make a singer felt and appreciated.

Mr. E. C. Towne in turn rendered two very pleasing and restful selections. He proved himself the possessor of a carefully trained and powerful tenor voice. His encore, a pianissimo adagio cantata, was very effectively rendered.

Miss Mabelle Crawford, the last of the soloists, sang an aria from an opera. Her voice, a soprano, was of that quality with which nature endows few and which it is possible for careful training to perfect. The perfection of her voice was very apparent in her artistic trilling in the different registers of her voice. The concert was one of the best ever given at the University.

E. J. G.

A Close Game.

MICHIGAN, 7; NOTRE DAME, 0.

The mantle of gloom that had enshrouded and dampened the ardor of athletic life since our defeat at Madison was lifted amid tumultuous rejoicing when Notre Dame's football squad played the Michigan eleven to a standstill on Regeant's field last Saturday. The result of the game was as pleasurable a surprise to the students at home as the result of the previous week had been disappointing. Michigan's heavy line and her scores of rooters were of little consequence, and had small influence on the result of the game. Our fellows went into the contest determined, of course, to do their best, but after the defeat of a week before there was a semblance of fear of the outcome lurking in the remote corners of each man's breast. If such had not been the case undoubtedly the Wolverines would never have crossed our goal line.

All the men played so grand a game that it seems unfair to mention anyone in particular, nevertheless, since some of them were playing new positions and played them so very well recognition is in order. Sammon at full-back and Glynn at end played the most brilliant football. Sammon punted in excellent form, carried the ball and handled punts in the back field like a veteran, and battered the Michigan line into smithereens. Time and again Captain Kuppler called the full-back signal, and few were the times that Sammon failed to make his distance. Glynn has few equals at end. He played a phenomenal game. Often he tackled behind the line, and not once did the Michigan backs get around his end for any sort of a gain. McGlew acquitted himself very creditably at left end, and, for a new man, made a good impression. Hayes, Winter, Faragher, Kuppler and all the men gave a good account of themselves. Kuppler deserves a great deal of praise for his running of the eleven.

At the beginning of the game Michigan's supporters thought she had an easy victory. Weber kicked the ball to our goal posts to Sammon who came back nearly half the distance. Hayes hurdled the line for three yards. On the next play Michigan took the ball on a fumble. Reddner pushed his way through right tackle for three yards. McGlew and Faragher threw Weber back for a loss. Weber punted to Sammon out of bounds.

Sammon returned the punt. Weber sent the oval thirty-five yards to Diebold who fumbled it, and McGinnis fell on the ball on our nine-yard line. Reddner made a yard at right end. Weber tore through centre for two more. Begle and White put the oval two yards nearer, and Reddner broke through tackle for a touchdown. Weber made a miserable attempt at goal. Winter kicked off thirty yards to Brown. Few gains were made by either side, and both elevens resorted to punting. Finally, Weber kicked to Diebold on our twenty-five yard line. The oval escaped Diebold and Redden fell on it.

By plunges through the line and outside tackle, Reddner, Begle and Weber carried the ball to our ten-yard line where we held them for downs. Kuppler tried right end, but Neal and Reddner threw him back for a loss. Sammon was sent back to punt. The pass was low, and Reddner held Sammon for a safety. After this our fellows took a brace, and the Michigan men had their hands full keeping the oval in our part of the gridiron. During the latter part of the first half our boys outplayed the Wolverines, and in the second half Michigan devoted her whole strength to keeping Notre Dame from crossing the line.

Throughout the twenty minutes play of the second half the oval remained in Michigan territory near her goal line with the exception of the last few minutes when Weber ran back forty yards on a punt. Once we had the ball just three yards from the coveted goal. Our fellows worked like beavers to push the pig-skin over, but Michigan's heavy line and the many attacks they had made to get the ball where it was, proved too much to overcome. A noble fight we made, and only a superhuman effort by the Michigan defense prevented a score. A few minutes later we forced the ball to Michigan's ten-yard line, but lost it again.

THE LINE-UP

MICHIGAN		NOTRE DAME
Neal	L E	McGlue
White	L T	Faragher
Marks	L G	Gillman
Wilson	C	Winter
Brown	R G	Staudt
Shorts	R T	Fortin
Redden	R E	Glynn
McGinnis, Weeks	Q B	Diebold
Reddner	L H	Kuppler
Weber	R H	Hayes
Begle, Kinks	F B	Sammon

Hadden (Michigan), Umpire. Jackson (Lake Forest), Referee. Time-keepers, Eggeman and Knight. Linesmen, Talcot and Lins. Touchdown, Reddner. Safety, Sammon. Time of halves, 25 and 20 minutes.

Laporte, H. S. and the Preps.

While the Varsity was giving the University of Michigan team all the trouble any team could give a victorious eleven, the "Preps," in the first half, especially, were parading down Cartier Field to the tune of four touchdowns. During the game, seven times the goal line was crossed.

Boyd kicked off to Notre Dame's 15 yard line whence Kelly came 5 yards. Then commenced the parade. Davis made 10 yards round left end, Warder 15 outside right tackle, Petritz 25 round right end. Davis skirted left tackle for 15 yards; Strassheim made 5 through the line, and Warder went round right tackle for a touchdown. Quinlan kicked goal. Score, Notre Dame, 6; Laporte, 0.

In the second half Stich, who replaced Kelly after the latter had been playing a splendid game, kicked off to Rumely who came back 11 yards. The visitors braced up considerably, and the game became more interesting. Boyd made 3 yards through the line, then made 1 yard more, but Hartly was stopped with no gain, and the ball went over. Davis ran 25 yards for a touchdown.

Boyd kicked off. Stich returned the punt over McCarthy's head, but Boyd fell on the ball at the 1 yard line. Boyd made 1 yard, Rumely 2 yards. Boyd failed to make the necessary gain, and the ball went over. Davis went through left tackle for a touchdown. Quinlan caught Boyd's next kick off and made 25 yards before Rumely downed him.

The Preps could not make the required five yds. and the ball went over. Laporte could not gain. The Preps could not gain the necessary yards again, and Stich kicked. Boyd was downed in his tracks by "Prizzy." Laporte was held for downs, and Strassheim was pushed over the line for another touchdown.

THE LINE-UP

LAPORTE		PREPS
Cadwill	C	Krug
Rumely	L G	Uckotter
Dahne	R G	Stephan
Dick	L T	Phillip
Morris	R T	Hubbell
Thomas	L E	Quinlan
McCloun	R E	Petriz
McCarthy	Q B	Kelly, Stich
Rumely	R H	Warder
Hartly	L H	Davis
Boyd	F B	Strassheim

Subs, Corcoran and Sullivan

Touchdowns: Davis (4), Warder, Strassheim, Petritz. Goal, Quinlan. Time-keepers, O'Neill and Morgan. Referee, Cornell. Umpire, Frederickson. Time, 20 min. halves.

Preps, 6; Benton Harbor, 0.

Exchanges.

Last Thursday at Cartier Field the Preps won back the laurels that were plucked from their temples at Benton Harbor a week ago. The Preps have repeatedly shown that no better team of their age and weight has ever donned moleskins. The game with Benton Harbor was expected to be a hard-fought contest from which Benton Harbor would finally retire the victor.

The Preps won the toss, and Benton Harbor kicked off to Reihing who advanced the ball a couple of yards. The Preps were unable to make their yards through the heavy guards or round the ends. Stich was forced to kick and sent the ball out of danger; Niles of Benton Harbor fumbled the punt and Warder fell on the ball. Russell secured the ball on a fumble soon after, and Benton Harbor made rapid strides up the field, but was finally held for downs. The ball is now on the centre of the field and both teams play with a vim that is marvellous. The Preps lose the ball and Russell, Benton Harbor's captain, distinguishes himself by making several long runs round the Preps' left end. Once he is downed by Warder when he has a clear field and when a touchdown seems inevitable. Once more he goes round left end, but is tackled so hard that his shoulder is hurt and he goes out of the game. The Preps now get the ball and make repeated gains through their opponents. Weight no longer counts. The Preps are not to be held back, and Davis, Warder, Hubbel, and Farabaugh are sent through the line for average gains of five yards. The ball goes to Benton Harbor on a fumble, but Busby fumbles and Farabaugh seizes the pigskin, makes a sensational run, of forty yards, and scores a touchdown for the Preps. Stich kicks goal. After this it was even fighting, and the game closed with the score: Preps, 6; B. H., 0.

THE LINE-UP

BENTON HARBOR		PREPS
Stephens	C	Krug
Lee	R G	Stephan, Hughes
Haines	L G	Uckotter
Bort	R T	Hubbel
Sourbeer	L T	Phillips
Busby	R E	Petriz
Morrison	L T	Farabaugh
Choest	Q B	Stich
Niles	R H	Davis
Russell, Durkee	L H	Warder
Bauskee	F B	Reihing

Referee, Pound; Umpire, Cornell; Time-keepers, Burger and Cooney; Linesmen, Durkee and Kelly.

To notice the monotonous regularity with which the different college magazines are produced, one may sometimes feel inclined to consider their publication a matter of little moment and of less work. We will not argue the matter of "moment," but the work especially concerns us who bear the burden of these publications with that complacency which has come with long years of experience—we who have ceased to hope that our work will be appreciated by present or future generations, and who with Kelly, the comedian, are "awaiting our heavenly wings."

Many of the papers in these magazines have the touch of genius, if not that, a cleverness which will some day raise the author out of the oblivion of his contemporaries. Scott and Stevenson once held down our chairs, and as we gaze on the ink-stained pictures of these two honorable predecessors, we still have hope.

The wit, versatility and poetic temperament of young America, that is, America from seventeen to twenty-three years of age, goes into her college magazines. Sometimes the youthful genius strikes twelve while yet at school as Bryant did, and the college magazine contains what is best of him.

The *Princeton Tiger* gets its inspiration from the football world. We can not see cleverness or good drawing in the pen-sketch of the football maid, but the verse and wit of the *Tiger* are good, containing much in suggestion.

We find cleverness in the *Columbia Literary Monthly*. From the first page to the last, this quality stands out unmistakably on every page. If only for the beauty of the poetic selections, "Columbus in the 'Anthology'" would be an able paper, but the skilful treatment and charm of the author's style have a merit of their own. The stories are not without interest, and the "Over-reached" brings out well, the character of John Foster: that peculiar kind of man we sometimes find in America.

The spirit of Petrarch must have entered into the bodies of the sonneteers, and endowed their conceptions with grace and beauty. Three especially are good: "The Sonnet," in the *Fleur de Lis*; "Where, Death, Thy Victory?" in the *Stylus*, and the "Sundering Sea" in the *Columbia Literary Monthly*.

J. J. S.

Personals.

—Mr. John Knell of Aurora, Ill., paid us a short visit a few days ago.

—Mr. Lawrence Hart of Carroll Hall had the pleasure of a brief visit from his mother.

—Mrs. Anna McNeil of Ashland, Wis., made a brief stay at the University on a visit to her son.

—Mr. Arthur J. Gibbons (student '98-'99) is making a short stay at the University among his many friends.

—Mr. Burrell A. Van Curen of Brownson Hall entertained his father for a few days during the past week.

—During the course of the past week, Mrs. Rose of Bay City, Mich., entered her son as a student in Brownson Hall.

—Mr. Langknecht of Charleston, West Virginia, spent a few days here as the guest of his son Walter of Carroll Hall.

—The Rev. Thomas Elskamp, S. J., of Cleveland, Ohio, and the Rev. Gustave Hottenroth of Fort Wayne, Ind., were recent guests of the University.

—Mr. Fox of Fort Wayne, Ind., is spending a few days at the University the guest of his sons Robert and Charles of Sorin and Brownson Halls.

—We are pleased to inform our readers that Mr. Joseph M. Haley, a graduate of the Law Class of '99, has opened up a law office in Fort Wayne and is gaining a good practice in his chosen profession. Up to the present Mr. Haley has been acquiring experience in the law firm of Bell and Doughman of that city. Joe was a favorite with everyone while here. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him every success.

—Last week, Mr. Eugene T. Ahern, a prominent student and a member of the SCHOLASTIC staff, left us to take a short vacation at his home. He has been somewhat indisposed for the past few weeks, and apparently prefers to convalesce where he can escape the sudden change of the present Indiana weather. Gene has the sympathy of all the students and their earnest wishes for his speedy recovery and return to college.

—In a letter from Brother Francis Regis of Memphis, Tenn., comes the sad news of the death of Mr. Frank R. Johnson, a student at Notre Dame during the years '82-'83. Few names of the older students are better known to us than the name of this man. He gained a lasting reputation during his college days owing to his great musical talent. Those who have had the pleasure of hearing him, claim that he was the best singer ever at Notre Dame. The SCHOLASTIC together with the student body extend their feelings of condolence and sympathy to the members of the bereaved family.

Local Items.

—Kelly has been on the war path two weeks and still no scalps dangle from his belt. Get a Pinkerton, Kelly, or offer a reward.

—Now since the football season is nearly over it shows a lack of true college spirit to desert the team a few days before its Thanksgiving game. Most of the regular players are laid up with bruises; the Varsity have from ten to fifteen men out every day, and one of the hardest games of the season is coming. We appeal to those men who opened up the season with the Varsity to at least don the moleskins for Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday next, so that our showing against the Physicians and Surgeons will not be a disgraceful one.

—The Young Men's Brotherly Love Guild held its second meeting with "Bill" O'Connor in the chair. The first speaker of the evening was the Hon. Joseph Sullivan. "Joe" is a man of whom, as an orator, the entire community may well feel proud. No "spellbinder," who comes from far or near, surpasses him in the art of making people like to stay many miles away to listen to him. His speech on athletics was entertaining, instructive and, at times, thrilling. The next speaker was Chauncey Wellington.

"Mr. Chairman," shouted Chauncey, "I'd like to interrupt the house for a few minutes before we talk on the question I am about to speak on. I believe that where there is union there is strength, and I move that we coerce with the other halls and get their opinions."

"You are out of order," said the chairman.

"We are not here to discuss that. We are here to—"

"Sit down and keep your mouth shut," shouted the chairman.

"Exactly," replied Chauncey, and he sat down.

"Mr. chairman," said Mr. Sullivan—

"You are beside the point, Mr. Sullivan," replied the chair.

"I don't see the point," answered Joe.

"Sit down and perhaps you'll see it," roared the chair. Joe sat down and felt the point. Mr. Kinney had placed a tack, with the head down, on Joe's chair.

"I'll lick any man in th' house," shouted Joe.

"All in favor of that signify by saying aye; those opposed, no."

"No!" roared the assembly.

"I am sorry to announce that the question is lost by a magnanimous vote," announced the chairman.

Mr. O'Connor left the chair, and moved that a committee be appointed to call on the members of Sorin Hall, and see about replacing the banners lost in the fire. The motion was unanimously carried.

—It is an awful sight to witness anyone suffering great agony and you standing near with your eyes and ears wide open and your hands in your neighbor's pockets, utterly powerless to relieve him. It's hard luck, we know, but still it happens. Our reporter found himself in such a plight the other day. He was radiating around the track with a borrowed pencil in his left ear and a two-by-one frown on his face, scratching his opaque dome of thinks in search of something original and interesting, when he suddenly found himself lying on the ground (this ought to have been interesting, even if it was not original). Carefully lifting himself to an upright position, he gazed for some moments at the disturber of his equilibrium, who was spread out on the ground beside him and who apparently was suffering great pain, then hastily transferred the pencil from his left ear to his right lunch-hook, and began to write a vivid description of the workings of the human face under such circumstances. When he had finished he did some more gazing at the poor sufferer, and then after blotting the mud off his impressive facelets, continued on his tour of the campus. Shortly afterward the sufferer was discovered by a crowd of good samaritans and removed to the Infirmary. There a careful examination revealed the fact that the lad was suffering from enlargement of the poetical bump, and that an operation was necessary. The first incision made in the enlarged bump laid open to the view of the spectators the following beautiful poem in full-faced type:

Oh! the Varsity Goat has two horns on his head;
Bang! Biff!

Ain't you 'fraid of a lift?

And some fuzz on his chin just like mine, but not red;
And an arrogant look, just as much as to say,
You may think I'm beneath you, but you may some day
Wish that you were the mascot for old N. D. U.

Boo! hoo! But I envy you—

How I long to be mascot for old N. D. U.

Several critics after careful perusal, have declared these lines to be the sublimest bit of poetry that ever flowed from the pen of man. They even go farther and compare it favorably with Svensden's "Ode to the Moon," which made such a big hit last year. Doubtless, our readers will agree with them.

—DEAR ED:—I would like to become a deep thinker, but am at a loss how to do so. What would you advise?—M. R. SON.

It is almost too late in your case to attempt developing your thinks, but a trial of our receipt will not be hurtful to you. As soon as you get out of bed in the morning place your knowledge box between the palms of your hands and try to think. Of course, this will hurt you at first, but after a few trials your brain will gradually grow accustomed to the ordeal. By continuing this practice you will, in the course of time and if you live long enough, acquire a reputation as a deep thinker that will be the envy of every foreigner for

ages to come. Mellon's Nerve Tonic, Paris Green, or a Smith and Wessen are also very good developers. Try one.—ED.

DEAR ED:—Have you seen or heard anything of a tall, perpendicular-looking fellow with curly eyes, refined looking ears, an intellectual nose, common, everyday teeth, a cute little dimple in his chin, and a slight trace of underbrush just below the nasal orifice? When last seen he was talking railroad matters to a few visitors. Any information leading to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by Yours as was,—LUCKY JIM.

The person you refer to must be Mr. Mur Fee Jay, the Champion Sun Railroad or Rag Time talker of the United States (Aquinaldo, Billy Bryan and women suffragists barred) of the present day. According to the latest reports Mr. Mur Fee was kidnapped by agents representing the combined railroad corporations of Indiana, while talking railroad matters to a newly arrived Mexican with his hands in his pockets and a vicious looking cigar in his face. Why they should kidnap Mr. Mur Fee is more of a mystery to us than we care to let on. However, we hope to see him relieved from his unwelcome and unwholesome captivity before the Christmas holidays, as we often passed a pleasant evening in his company, and his enforced absence now would drive us to commit deeds not often heard of. It will also be a great loss to the University as Mur Fee already betrayed more or less of the earmarks of a genius. One of his dearest friends is authority for the statement that he learned to talk while a lad in knee breeches, and that the first word he uttered was "Engine." This would probably account for his great attachment to railroads. He was also of a literary turn of mind, and we are told that often while reading a passage in some novel that proved to be exciting, Mur Fee would become so imbued with the spirit of it that he would become blood-thirsty, and refuse to notice even his dearest friends. With the hope of obtaining some information concerning his mysterious disappearance we offer as a reward for the same a half year's subscription to our paper, half a pound of the best soup crackers, and a plug of tobacco that has been on our desk for some time. The following description may be of some assistance to those wishing to strive for the reward. Mur Fee is over two feet in breadth and light complected; measures five feet from the sole of his foot to his hip, and one foot two inches from there to the top of his cranium; weighs a great deal more with his shoes on than at any other time, and is capable of enjoying a good meal at any hour. His hair was parted in the middle and this with his benign smile and thoughtful appearance, gives him the appearance of a man of about twenty-nine. This description and the reward will we hope result in returning our dear, lost friend to his old haunts once more.